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**ARTISTS AND SKILLED WORKMEN,**  
And we now Occupy the Commodious and Well-Lighted Building,  
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OUR ESTABLISHMENT is fitted out with MESSRS. R. HOE & CO.'S  
**New and Latest Improved American Lithographic Power Presses!**  
The Finest and Most Rapid Lithographic Printing Presses in the world.  
OUR COMPANY was organized October 4, with the following Directors:  
W. E. STEPHENS, late of the firm of A. Gast & Co.  
Mr. SYDNEY K. SMITH, Attorney.  
Hon. J. L. STEPHENS, Columbia, Mo., Capitalist.  
Mr. CARL MOLLER, of the firm of Fisher, Parker & Co., and  
Mr. OTTO STARCK, for twenty years in the Lithographing business and with A. Gast & Co. for ten years.

THE OFFICERS are: W. E. STEPHENS, President. SYDNEY K. SMITH, Vice-President and Treasurer. OTTO STARCK, Manager of Mechanical Department, and with the following employes:  
Heads of Departments: Nicholas Bockius, Lithographic Transferer, 17 years with A. Gast & Co. Chas. S. Loeffler, Commercial Engraver, 7 years with Forbes Lithographing Company, Boston. John G. Kuenzel, Lithographic Pressman, 13 years foreman press-room of St. Louis Bank-Note Company.

WITH THESE FACILITIES, and our long and practical experience in the Lithographing business, we solicit the custom of our CITY BANKS and MERCHANTS and the BANKERS and MERCHANTS throughout the country for FINE BUSINESS CARDS, Bankers' Fine Drafts, Certificates of Deposit, Letter, Note and BILLHEADS, STOCK CERTIFICATES, Bonds, etc., Colored Show Cards and Labels, assuring them that, as WE ARE ALL ARTISTS and PRACTICAL MEN IN THE BUSINESS, we will execute their orders Promptly, Intelligently, Artistically, Honestly and Satisfactorily, guaranteeing to them to furnish the highest grade of work, both in design and execution. We will not, as some Lithographers do, charge you artists' prices and give you apprentices' work. No work from our establishment shall ever reach you except from the hands of ARTISTS AND SKILLED WORKMEN, and we will in no instance hold your orders to your detriment to combine with others, but will fill them WITH ALL POSSIBLE SPEED.

WE DULY APPRECIATE THE ADVANCE ORDERS ALREADY GIVEN US, and respectfully ask you to continue to command our services. When you wish any new and elegant designs or anything in our line, send for us and we will be glad to call at your office and receive your orders.

## STEPHENS LITHOGRAPHING AND ENGRAVING CO.,

Telephone No. 671.

W. E. STEPHENS, President.

### AMONG THE MINERS.

The Starving Workmen in the Hocking Valley.

Graphic News From a Region of Desolation.—The Blaine Syndicate Responsible—How the Miners Will Vote on Tuesday—The Ohio Battlefield.

Special Correspondence of the Post-Dispatch.

NELSONVILLE, OHIO, October 8.—A situation that is tragical obtrudes itself into Ohio politics when the wooded hills are crossed that bound the splendid valley of the Hocking River, one of the wealthiest of nature's storehouses on the American Continent. Why the skeleton which grins at the desolation of a thousand homes in this region has no wandered out beyond these hills and apprised the people of the fertile and prosperous North that here is presented an issue that dwarfs all other questions—the issue of life and death—not even the politicians seem to know. The men, women and children, who from sheds and brush tents on the hill sides, look longingly on the homes whence they have been evicted, understand the question so well, so horribly well, that it seems to them that all the balance of the world must understand it without their telling. They understand that up to a very recent date they, to the number of some twelve or fifteen thousand, were happy and prosperous in their employment by the corporations and individual operators who were competing with each other in developing the coal and ore of the valley. They understand that one day

A GREAT SYNDICATE came in and swallowed up all the corporations and operators thus engaged, and that another day this syndicate issued the merciless order that, competition being destroyed, all miners who had theretofore been receiving seventy cents per ton for digging must thereafter dig for fifty cents per ton or quit. They understand and remember that when they urged upon the syndicate the fact that their homes had been there for many years; that their children had been reared there; that to hunt new homes would be a desperate alternative, and that 50 cents per ton meant slow starvation, the syndicate responded, with great good nature, "Fifty cents or quit!" They remember the evictions that followed their protest, and finally they remember that the most distinguished name in the list of stockholders of that syndicate, which they have so little reason to love—the name that was used for building it up and organizing it—is that of

JAMES G. BLAINE. If, while suffering from hunger and from rain, as many of them literally are, they smile grimly as they read in faring circulars that the workmen's millennium will come the day they elect Blaine President, it is not out of an intentional disrespect to Mr. Blaine, but because they can't help it. They see but one side to this question, namely, that the syndicate prospers and the miners suffer. Explanations that the syndicate has a perfect right to prosper and that the miners have a perfect right to suffer are neither sought after nor welcome, although not infrequently offered by indiscreet debaters. And yet,

A TRIP TO-DAY THROUGH TWO SECTIONS, where the scenes are darkest and the lines most rigidly drawn, has discovered the fact that, although the State Republican managers are unquestionably in error when they say that the evicted miners are the cause of the trouble, the Democratic managers are equally at fault when they assert that the disaffected mining vote has arrayed itself on their side. I questioned the ragged and hungry-looking men with great perseverance on this point in each district, and found not one in ten who had hitherto voted the Republican ticket that would now express an intention of voting with the Democracy. I speak accurately when I say that, without exception, of whom I saw attributed their misfortunes largely to Mr. Blaine, and scouted the denial of himself and his friends as so many brazen lies. But, instead of casting their votes with the Democracy, where they would be doubly effective in punishing the man who has incurred their animosity, they have, with singular unanimity, determined to vote

THE GREENBACK TICKET. As for reasons, they are in no state of mind to give reasons, beyond the general declaration that they are tired of both parties. Not only is this the case, but quite a number of Democratic miners, suffering from the same causes, have determined on the same remedy. This state of affairs, I am assured, is not simply local, but extends throughout the mining district. My observation and information is that, of the large Greenback vote which the valley promises, one-third will be drawn from the Democracy and two-thirds from the Republican ranks. Hence, while the mining troubles will inure to the benefit of the Democrats, so far as the old vote is concerned, the advantage does not promise to be so large as has been estimated, and

THE HOCKING VALLEY VOTE WILL HARDLY DECIDE THE ELECTION.

Two hours before I drove into the large mining village of Buchtel, two poor Swedes lived in agony from the effects of the explosion of a keg of powder. New in the country, they came a few days ago to help fill the places of the evicted miners at 50 cents a ton. Strangers to the use of powder in mining, they took a keg into their working cell and fired accidentally. Their mangled bodies were buried this afternoon in the village graveyard, and tended to their graves by a corps of Pinkerton's men. The bodies were still warm when I arrived, and arrangements were making for the funeral, while gathered on the sidewalk near the cottage where they lay were forty or fifty grimy and hollow-eyed men, whose broad and whose conversation were filled with a horrid mixture of sympathy for the friendless dead, and of satisfaction that the work of installing "black legs" was not without its disasters. A number of white specks over to the west, beyond the line of cottages, showed where, with nothing but a canvas to protect them from the rain and cold which was to come six hours later, the half-naked families of some of these men were living as they had lived for seven or eight long wintering days in a hole in the ground, and a frightened mule, pulling after it a frightened German or Polish youth, who was with difficulty keeping his feet and yet seemed fearful to let the animal go, as he would be blamed by the company which employed him. "Head him off!" shouted some one, but this was followed by a score of voices yelling, "No! no! Let it kill the d—d black-leg!" Just as the young man fell and was about to be badly hurt one of the men reined and caught the animal, turning it loose as soon as the poor wretch was freed. He hurried away as though in dread of being attacked. Up the road from the direction of the mine came two men, who were evidently foreigners and miners, who were closely followed by a blue-coated and brass-buttoned man, with a Winchester repeating rifle carried across the hollow of his arm, his thumb on the hammer. This, it was explained, was the way the imported miners always traveled between the mine where they worked and their boarding places.

THE SCENE, as it was explained, served two purposes. One was to protect the men from assault, and the other was, to keep them from talking with the strikers, for fear they might be converted. I joined the crowd of strikers. A big man named John Rappo did the talking.

"Over four hundred families," said he, "have

been put out of their houses by the company in this town, and they are bringing blacklegs in as fast as they can hire them. They have got nearly five hundred Poles, negroes and Italians in our places, and it looks like they are going to vote them all. We can't prevent them, even if we knew they just came to this country, because there are one hundred Pinkerton men, all with rifles, to keep us back and let them do as they please. But we know every new man, and they will not vote if we can help it."

"Where have your people all moved to?"

"Some out of the State and the rest have crowded together in the few houses that are left to us, sometimes six or seven families in one little house."

"And how are you all going to vote?"

"Some of us are Republicans and some are Democrats, but we are going to vote the Greenback ticket."

This statement was indorsed by all within hearing. The great merchandise of the syndicate, as well as the mouth of the three mines or drifts, are all guarded by Pinkertonian blue-coats, and "halt" is the word there as well as all over the forty square miles of territory that the syndicate controls. The fumbling of a Winchester gives the word much force, and a stranger is kept in a constant state of nervousness as he travels. These men are discovered in all sorts of odd places in the vicinity of company property—behind trees, in sheds and behind brush-heaps. In many cases as pass from an office is necessary before one can get through their lines, and in some cases the public roads are actually blockaded by them.

"Our only purpose," said

SUPERINTENDENT WALTER KRAFT, of the Buchtel mines, is to operate our own works as we see fit. We have found it necessary to employ a very large force of Pinkerton men, but we are progressing nicely with the work. Our new diggers consist of Poles, Hungarians, Swedes and Germans, and one of our mines is being operated altogether by negroes from Pittsburg. We now have about 525 men at work here and at Murray City, and are increasing the number as fast as possible. I think very few of these men have any vote, and I do not know their political predilections, as we have been too busy with the strike to think of politics. Of course, when the old men would not work at our price, we had to put them out of our houses to make room for the men that we brought here, but whatever we did in that way was done by process of law. Yonder comes a new lot of men just from Pittsburg."

And Mr. Kraft pointed to a procession of about twenty men and two women, all of whom were evidently new arrivals in the United States who were marching from a special train which had just fetched them, their front and rear being guarded by the blue coats. I drove out past long rows of company cottages, the windows of which were tightly boarded with new planking, suggestive of the harrowing scenes of a few days before, when their old occupants were driven out, and an hour later reached Murray City, having passed on the way two of the huge, but silent furnaces of the syndicate. Mr. Ferguson, one of the company officers, told me that he had twenty Pinkerton men and no trouble to speak of, and was getting out more coal with his new importation than before. The company had put the old men out of the houses where it became necessary, but had done it lawfully. It was made apparent in two minutes that Mr. Ferguson was no good source of political information, and to try to go to the mine was to invite death. To John Bodamer, a sort of leader among the strikers, I applied for data as to the vote of that region. "To tell you the truth," said he, "I had hoped to see all the Republican miners voting the Democratic ticket, but I am disappointed. While all but seven, or possibly eight, have deserted Blaine, nearly all of them insist on voting the Greenback ticket. I don't know why, and it does not make much difference why. It is so all through the Valley. The feeling against Blaine and the syndicate is intense with the miners, because the reduction was entirely unnecessary. Paddy Rend is operating mines at several points in the Valley, and he is paying the old price of seventy cents, and says he is making money on it. If he can do it the syndicate can do it. He is giving work to as many of our men as possible. The syndicate, on the contrary, has brought here about 165 men, who are mostly immigrants and paupers, and, by living like hogs, they are able to work for fifty cents. Talk about coiled labor! This is just as bad. Twenty-eight men and two women live, eat and sleep in two rooms and a kitchen yonder. The houses of these importations are guarded by twenty of Pinkerton's men, whose willingness to shoot has been proved by the shooting of one Irishman through the chest and the shooting of one militiaman by accident. They fired a fusillade inside the lines last night, pretending they were being attacked, just to frighten one of their own men. With all the shooting they have done, none of our men have ever been caught where they could hurt them. A good many of our men have left, but I think the Democratic majority will be much increased this year."

Talking with a number of the other idle miners, I was told by one of them that

THE BLAINE VOTE HAD "VIRTUALLY DISAPPEARED," and that the Greenback ticket was booming.

Going to Carbon Hill, I found in John Short a very intelligent man, who repeated to me the same story of disgust at Blaine and Greenback gains. The most distressing picture presented in the valley, he said, was the town of Straitsville, which is a place of 3,000 inhabitants, and which is composed of people who depended entirely on the mines and furnaces. The town has four churches, two or three schools, which were established by the miners and iron workers. The syndicate got possession of the furnaces and closed them down, and finally closed their five mines. This left the town without a single dollar of revenue save what came from Paddy Rend's mines. Rend is paying seventy cents and crowding five and six men to where two usually work. These men pay each two dollars per week to support the strikers, and the sum contributed by them and a few other individual miners to the support of the men who are out is about twenty-five hundred dollars per week. This is distributed by a relief board, but is barely sufficient to feed the people dependent upon it. This city of three thousand people is, therefore, on the verge of starvation, and the Blaine syndicate has given notice that not a wheel is to be turned there in nine months, the company's immense store having already been removed. The result will necessarily be that the city will have to be deserted.

This will give some idea of

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE MINERIES which is charged in part to Mr. Blaine, and if there is a shortage in the Republican vote, it will help to account for it.

"The effect will not be seen so much right here," said Mr. Short, "as in other parts of the State, where miners and other laborers are posted as to how our people are suffering and why."

CARONDELLET JOTTINGS.

Mrs. Charles Daniels of Carthage, Mo., is visiting Mrs. McPherson.

Mrs. Boone Jacoby and Mrs. Osborn of Wellsville are visiting relatives here.

Annie Higgins and Larry Lewis, dusky maidens, last evening had a square dance on the corner of Broadway and Haven, and this morning are billed for the Work House with a fine and costs of \$10 each.

Snack thieves during the night visited the kitchen of John Laurean, near Kansas Street Station, carrying off some coffee, bread and preserves to the amount of \$10, besides more or less potatoes.























**KEY TO LOAN.**  
\$5,000, \$2,000 on City and County real estate  
**JOHN LADY No. 305 Olive St.**

Address U. S. Stenograph Co., 420 N. 3d st., St. Louis.  
**Mrs. CUTHBERT'S SEMINARY** For Young LADIES.  
 2034 Olive st. Twentieth year opens Sept. 8.

ices on Page, near Taylor av., at a low figure.  
**JAS. M. CARPENTER & CO.**  
 245 N. 8th st.  
 FOR SALE—House and 23 feet 1,3015 Olive st., with  
 steam heater, \$8,500; same without; steam heater  
 \$5,000. C. B. Clark

Go to Thomas' 1117 Olive, for Turkish, Electric, Snip  
or Sew Sash Baste. Prices from 50c to \$1. Ladies, mo  
ings only. 23

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**A** THOUSAND business cards \$1.  
HOWARD SCOTT, Printer, 810 Olive st. 2

Judge Van Wagoner convened the Criminal Court today to issue naturalization papers. Nearly thousand citizens have been made during the month.

failed to call the police. Cotton called at the house, Thursday night, giving him any warning she shot him in the arm. He denies any improper relations with young lady.

without the left  
with the

Harvard. Miss W. W. Paul, Paul Walters in  
Springfield this week.—Col. Paul Walters in  
the races at Charleston.—Miss Nellie Hines  
turned from a visit to Cherryvale, Kan.—N  
an old and valued citizen of this city, was buried

...the in the cars of the  
...requiring it to race  
...ore. A \$10,000 bond  
...rest and John Gregg as

... Baltimore  
... all cases  
... was given,  
... survival.











The tree of Faith its b  
That nearer Heaven  
The false must fail,  
time

The old lament be heard  
That wall is Error's fr  
This sharp recoil is E  
Our time's unrest, an  
Troubling with life the  
Even as they list the w  
To turn or break our  
Sands shift and wast  
Where led of Heave  
Go,  
And storm-clouds rent  
Leave, free of mist, the

Therefore I trust, altho  
Both true and false  
hold

With newer light my  
And calmly wait the bi  
No gain is lost: the cl  
Electroblinded on the w

Unceasing  
Love yet remains, its  
Counting in task-field  
Truth has charm'd life  
And, day by day, its  
Faith, hope and chari  
Which cannot be shak  
Reveal the Christ of w  
and the new Gospel ve

---

## THE PO

from the French of Alphonse  
Of all the pretty s  
ages with our Frov  
their discourses, I kn  
or singular than this  
ex-mill, whenever

"Distrust that man  
mule, that kept her k

I have tried for a  
whence this proverb  
his papal mule and  
years might be. No  
me any information  
Franco Mami, my  
chemical legends at the  
thinks, as I do, that  
Chronicles of the A  
but he has never hea  
proverb.  
"You will find that  
Library," said the fi  
The idea seemed go  
per's Library is right  
but myself up in it  
It is a wonderful

anged, open to poets  
ed by little librarians  
make music for you a

He has seen nothing in the time of his captivity like it for gaiety. From morning to evening, pilgrimages, stunts and rhung, with tapers and the rhung, banners

boys dressed with fla-  
ging in Latin on the  
mendicant friars; the  
other - a fine house

other, noisy noises  
great papal palace  
There was, besides  
makers, the come-  
the gold of the chas-  
the silversmiths mak-  
sounding boards a-  
the songs of the loo-  
sound of bells, and  
tambourines sound  
the bridge. For w-  
happy, they must d-  
as at this time the c-  
for the farandoles, f-  
ers posted the  
of Avignon, the  
of the Rhone, a

people danced, the  
time! happy city!  
cut. State prisons  
reel! No poverty

There was one abbe called Boniface. A shed for him in Av was such an amiable he smiled at you so back, and when you you were a poor little great city magistrate dictation so politely, and an Yvetot of shrewd in his laugh in his barretta, and favoritism. The or

which he had plan  
from Avignon amo  
ranf

Every Sunday, a worthy man went was up there, so Cardinals stretched stumps, he had a fl that beautiful ruby been called the P drank it in little sip vines. Then, when the day declining, h city, followed by a passed over the bri of the tambourine mule, excited by the amble, while he him with his cap, wh Cardinals had wear

Next to his viney  
which the Pope lov

mule. The good mule  
this beast. Every  
went to see if her st  
or if anything was  
he never rose from  
big bowl of wine pr  
the French fashion  
and spices, which h  
spite of the remark  
be acknowledged th  
the trouble. She  
mule, spotted w  
foot, shining coat, c  
rying proudly he  
nessed with pompo  
knots. She was m  
angel with

always in motion  
natured air. All A  
when she went out.

This Tistot Veder was a saucy boy, whom his gold chaser, had been house because he astray the apprentice was to be seen drag the gutters of A neighborhood of the fellow had for a long the Pope's mule, and they were. One day

riding alone with his  
behold my Tistet, v  
him, clasping his h

tion: "Ah, heaven's fine mule you have been for a moment. Ah, fine mule. The Emperor equal." And he gently to her as to my jewel, my treasure the good Pope, greeted her with a smile. "What a good little with my mule." It happened the next day changed his old yellow surplice of lace, a red shoes, and he called Pope, into which he wore the same of of Cardinals.

Once in the ser



**Restored.**  
 providence, causing Nervous De-  
 pression, and all disorders brought on  
 by the use of the simple remedy,  
 DR. REEVES, of Chatham, N. Y.

"Yes, my child, you shall see her," said the good Pope, much touched; "and since you love her so truly, the poor beast, I no longer wish that you should live so far from her. From this day I attach you to my person in the quality of first mustard bearer. My Cardinals will grumble, but so much the worse. I am used to that. Wait upon us to-morrow after

P. L. CLEMENT, 75 Sharp st., Ottawa, Can., that having used St. Jacob's Oil, the great reliever for rheumatism, he considers it the valuable remedy in use.

not by men, but by other boys, and thus the  
of idle men is continually swelling.  
at the ultimate result will be—who knows?  
are very few who care, except the idle  
themselves."

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BEAUTIFUL set of fancy cards sent free to per-  
who have taken Brown's Iron Bitters, at  
s Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

but I do not think that they had made such a study of diseases as is necessary to treat so serious a case as was. At the end of these six weeks I lost faith in medicine; I was satisfied that my time had come, and so I saw my doctors.

As, as is usual, after all else had been tried, some one suggested your medicine, and I, neither expecting or hoping for relief, began to use them—the Pulmonic Syrup

ish to add that since that time—twenty years ago—I  
had no return of my trouble. The cure was a perfect  
lasting one.

S. CALDWELL,  
now of the above case and can testify to its truth of  
oregoing.

L. RALLS, Druggist.

For Sale by all Druggists, and  
all directions are printed on  
every package.



